

CRAWFORD COUNTY DIRECTORY.	
COUNTY OFFICERS.	
Sheriff.....	D. London.
Clerk & Register.....	W. R. Stecker.
Treasurer.....	G. M. F. Davis.
Prob. Atty.....	J. O. Hildreth.
Judge of Probate.....	A. Taylor.
C. C. Commissioner.....	N. E. Britton.
Surveyor.....	W. H. Sherman.
Superior.....	S. Revell.
SUPERVISORS.	
Grove Township.....	O. J. Bell.
South Branch.....	Ira H. Richardson.
Deer Creek.....	W. H. Harrison.
Maple Forest.....	Duane Willett.
Grayling.....	R. S. Hobbitt.
Fredericville.....	John F. Hum.
Ball.....	Chas. Jackson.
Center Plains.....	John P. Hildreth.

Crawford Avalanche

SALLING, HANSON & CO.,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS

VOL. III.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1881.

NO. 18.

THE AVALANCHE,
REPUBLICAN,
Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich., by
Salling, Hanson & Co.
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
FOR ONE YEAR.....\$1.50.
FOR SIX MONTHS.....75.
FOR THREE MONTHS.....40.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
\$5 free. Address Salling & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

Dr. W. M. Woodworth,
GRAYLING, CRAWFORD Co., Mich.
Graduate of the University of Michigan. Calls promptly attended after
Sept. 1st, 1881.

W. A. MASTERS, NOTARY PUBLIC, C. C.
Notary Public, C. C. Notary Public, C. C.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
\$5 free. Address Salling & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

J. Maurice Finn,
NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY
Clerk and Register,
OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT,
ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.
NOTARY PUBLIC.
\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples with
\$5 free. Address Salling & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

HAVE YOUR
JOB PRINTING
DONE AT THE
AVALANCHE JOB OFFICE.

CHAPMAN HOUSE,
COR. MAIN AND GRAND STS.,
LANSING, MICHIGAN.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,
Harrison & Reed, Proprietors,
Corner of 1st and Grand streets,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

WE Want 1000 AGENTS
to sell our Novelty, and make from
\$100 to \$200 a month. Circulars &c.,
sent free. Address,
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ionian Jewel Sets.
Every lover of the beautiful should
have a set of this beautiful jewelry.
Single sets, 2 sets, 3 sets, all different
in design. Agents wanted to sell these
goods. Address,
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
See other ads. Pittsburgh, Pa.

UNPARALLELED OFFER!
FIRST CLASS SEWING MACHINE
With full line of attachments to do all
kinds of work.

GIVEN AWAY,
Free of Charge.

Having made arrangements with a well known
company for a large number of their machines,
we offer AS A PREMIUM to our readers,
a choice of 2500 of the best of BOOKS,
to be selected from our catalogue, consisting of
HARPER'S BOND and ELEGANTLY
ILLUSTRATED BOOKS, BY STANDARD AUTHORS.

A First Class Family
Sewing Machine.

On richly ornamented IRON STAND, with SOLID
WALNUT TOP AND DRAWER, carefully selected
and delivered to any depot in this city, FREE OF
CHARGE.

This is a bona fide offer, made for the purpose
of introducing our publications throughout the
United States.

Send for a Catalogue and descriptive Circular, to
PHILADELPHIA PUBLISHING
COMPANY,
729 Filbert Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents Wanted to Assist in Distribution.

\$66 a week in your own town. \$5 out free.
Send for a circular. Address Salling & Co.,
Portland, Maine.

THE TRICK CIGARETTE CASE.
The TRICK CIGARETTE CASE.
The TRICK CIGARETTE CASE.
The TRICK CIGARETTE CASE.
The TRICK CIGARETTE CASE.

VICTORIA JEWEL CASKET
Agents can make \$10 a day selling this
casket. It contains 200 Breeches, a
beautiful Shawl Pin, Finger Ring, Ear
Rings, Brooch and other large Gold
Plated Ladies Neck Chain. Sample
Casket 50 cents. Agents wanted. Address
U. S. MANUFACTURING CO.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

AN
Extraordinary Offer.

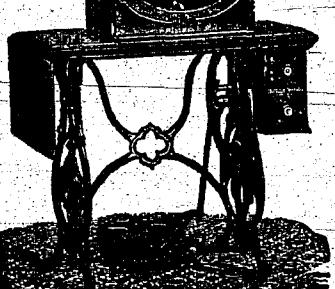
\$10 Gold Mounted Revolver
Sent for Only \$3.25.

Address, U. S. Manufacturing Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

LOOK HERE!
IF YOU WANT
SOLID MERIT,

And at the same time get fully the worth of your
money, ask any dealer for the

I-M-P-R-O-V-E-D
SELF-THREADING



Dauntless!

The only Sewing Machine made which has
SHUTTLER TAKE-UP AND TENSION ENTIRELY
SELF-THREADING. The DAUNTLESS makes
the most perfect hemstitch, has the most
ingenious separate bobbin-winder, largest arm
space, and wide feed, simplest mechanism, most
stylish furniture, and

Handsomest Plating and Ornamentation
in the Market.

IT SEWS EVERYTHING!
IT BEATS EVERYTHING!
IT PLEASES EVERYBODY!

Sewing Machine Dealers everywhere will find it
to their interest to order the Dauntless, and get
Factory Prices.

For Terms, Territory, &c., apply to
The Dauntless Man's Co.
Norwalk, Ohio, U. S. A.

For Sale by
Dr. N. H. Traver, Grayling, Mich.
G. H. Smith, Gaylord, Mich.

FABER FANCIES.

Reunion next week. Take it in,
everybody.

100° in the shade Monday, and
things are just a "billy."

Don't fail to attend the Reunion
next week.

No need of a thermometer these
days to tell us it's hot—we know it.

Mr. Barney Wakely, of Grove,
claims to have caught 7 trout out of
the Au Seble lately.

The cranberry crop in this section
will be a very short one, and hardly
worth the time spent to gather it.

For sale cheap, the SE of Sec. 8,
in South Branch. Inquire of
G. M. F. Davis, Grayling.

Mr. E. M. Fletcher and family re-
moved from this place to Chesaning,
last week.

Attend the annual school meeting
next Monday, and thus avoid excuses
of "I wish I had been there."

Miss Frank Stewart has removed
with her stock of millinery to West
Branch, Ogemaw county.

Mr. B. F. Sherman, of Maple For-
est, has the frame up for a snug little
barn, 20x40 feet.

Mr. Chas. Frantz is again the
owner of a piece of horse flesh, and for
which acquisition \$50 were paid to Dr.
O. Palmer, of Grove.

A young son of Mr. Henry Funch,
of South Branch, was drowned in Wal-
dron's lake, one day last week, while
in bathing.

Neighbor Leece and wife, of Grove,
are rejoicing over the advent of a fine,
promising boy, born to them on Tues-
day of last week.

Miss Mattie Smith, a young lady
well known to our village folk, de-
parted for Bellefontaine, O., last week,
to visit her brother.

For perfect ease, comfort, and du-
rability of construction, commend us
to those elegant new woven-wire mat-
tresses at the Drugstore. Call and ex-
amine them.

Dr. O. Palmer, of Grove township,
has 80 acres under fence, is quite agri-
culturally inclined, and is going to see
just what this country will do, by
thorough trial.

The fall term of school in the vil-
lage commenced on Monday next, un-
der the management of Miss Mary
Scott, of Ann Arbor. Miss Scott taught
our summer term, giving good satisfac-
tion.

Dr. G. M. F. Davis has a fine new
dwelling house in process of erection
on Michigan Ave., which when com-
pleted will be a credit and ornament
to the town.

Quite a number of our citizens
have availed themselves of the oppor-
tunity and gone blackberrying, which
are said to be ripe for the harvest, but
not as abundant as last season.

Silver coin with holes in them are
now being taken by merchants through-
out the country as follows: \$1.00
pieces at 65c; 50c at 35c; 25c at 15c;
10c at 5c.

On Sabbath afternoon last quite a
number attended the special service in
connection with the M. E. Church, at
which time six persons were taken into
full membership. Thus the Church
grows.

Mr. Henry Sherman reports crops
in Maple Forest township as looking
exceedingly well since the late rains.
He brought a load of oats and pota-
toes to Salling, Hanson & Co., for
which he received remunerative prices.

E. R. McFarland, of Maple For-
est, must have a pretty fair "cowcum-
ber" patch, as we understand he wishes
to contract to furnish Crawford
county with pickles the coming season.

Our physicians say they will have
to emigrate to another country. This
is such a healthy locality, the doctors
have to take their own medicine in or-
der to keep it from spoiling. What few
patients they have are afflicted with
chronic diseases they contracted before
leaving here.

A retired seamstress of this village,
in conversation the other day, aston-
ished her audience by declaring she
used to make a dozen fine shirts in a
day, which for truth and veracity was
too much for them, and they retired in
silent wonderment at her voluble and
imaginative mind.

A gentleman who assists at the
circular work on one of the section
cars running out of this village, was
complaining through the day of some-
thing hurting his foot, but was too
busy to investigate until the days la-
bors were over, when off came the
boot, and out rolled a mouse, dead as
a mackerel and crushed to a jelly.
Fact.

The last Quarterly Meeting of this
Conference, year, (Crawford Circuit),
of the M. P. Church, will be held at
the Bash school house in Beaver Creek,
on Saturday and Sunday the 17th and
18th of Sept. next. Rev. C. Becker,
of Rapid River, Kalamazoo county, will
be present. Rev. C. W. West,
Pastor.

Mr. Willard F. Pett, who recently
returned to Ann Arbor from camping
out at Portage Lake, came back on
Tuesday last, accompanied by Mr.
Theodore Royer, Sr., of Ann Arbor,
and were driving over to Portage Lake
to again enjoy the rural delights of
camp life at that charming resort for a
short season.

Mr. Perry Ostrander, who has re-
cently settled in the south part of this
township, from near Williamson, Ingham
county, was in town yesterday
buying lumber at the mill, with which
to commence the erection of a sub-
stantial farm house, and in order to
keep fully posted in local matters, sub-
scribed for the AVALANCHE.

Hasbands, bring your wives and
families; young men, bring your sweet-
hearts and loose change; ye veterans,
bring your—well, never mind, all come,
and may the old-time patriotism burn
in your hearts as of yore, and let this
be a season of rejoicing and a Re-
union to be long remembered as an
oasis in the desert of life.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—The under-
signed desires to sell a house and two
lots, situate in the village of Grayling.
The house is well finished and in a
good state of repair, with well of wa-
ter on premises. The greater part of
purchase money can be secured by bond
and mortgage on the premises. The
above property is good investment, and
will be sold for half its value, and for
the best of reasons, i. e. I expect to re-
move soon to another State.

17-4. GEORGE NICHOLS.

—LONDON, Aug. 28.—The Times says:
With each day there is less hope of a
good harvest. The weather has turned
against us at a critical moment. The
loss to the country from the late rains
is to be reckoned by millions. It is im-
possible to gather corn, and it will soon
cease to be worth gathering. The situ-
ation of our farmers is dismal, for to
many of them a bad harvest must
mean absolute ruin.

Tom, she warbled, as they hung
out on the front gate in the diaphanous
light of Luna. "If I didn't know that
you were a grocery clerk, I'm afraid I'd
have to put you down as one of those
horrid newspaper fellows." "Why,
Duckie!" he gurgled. "Because you are
evidently on the press," she mur-
mured, blushing. And Tom looked
over the proof of her contribution, re-
vised his tactics, and went to press con-
siderably earlier than he anticipated.

The Literary Society of Grove, are
to discuss the following question at the
next lyceum meeting on Saturday the
10th inst: "Would it be right, under
any circumstances, for the American
people to rise up en masse and take the
law into their own hands." The peo-
ple of the surrounding country are
cordially invited to assemble and pre-
sent their arguments pro and con to
the above question.

What the people want nowadays
is the news boiled down. They have
neither time nor disposition to read
half column articles of news which
could be related in twenty lines, and
many of those newspapers that have
run along in the old groove for years
and years are taking a new departure,
and getting abreast of the times. News-
papers filled with short, newsy and
spicy paragraphs are the favorites, and
will remain so.

The President is slowly dying. It
is now admitted on all hands that his
recovery is improbable, if not impossi-
ble. Hope has fled from the white
house. The noble wife of the Presi-
dent realizes that her husband is be-
yond earthly skill, and that God alone
can save him. And she trusts in God.
The cabinet is disheartened, the physi-
cians are discouraged. Everything that
could be done has been done, but Gen-
eral's health is doing its worst too well.

LATER. The dispatches of to-day
(Aug. 30) give hope of recovery again,
which is indeed welcome tidings to
anxious hearts all over the land.

In looking over our subscription
book we find that a good many sub-
scribers are in arrears for the AVAL-
ANCHE, and we would suggest what a
grand opportunity would be afforded
them of liquidating their several little
amounts when they attend the Re-
union at this village next week, Tues-
day and Wednesday. We will be in
our sanctum on those days ready to
cordially receive and credit all who
may be in readiness to pay us either in
full or a part of what they owe us.

These little sums of themselves are not
much, but in the aggregate they
amount to quite a little sum, and are
greatly needed in the purchase of pa-
per and material with which to suc-
cessfully issue the AVALANCHE. "A word
to the wise is sufficient."

Who Take "T."—People of all
classes take tea. Dead people take
eternity; gay people festivity; free peo-
ple liberty; fashionable folks society;
good people piety; successful candi-
dates majority; unsuccessful ditto mi-
nority; editors honesty; solemn citizens
gravity; funny rosters levity; ortho-
dox citizens deity; polite people civility;
taxpayers modesty; kind ones of
charity; bachelors and old maids singu-
larity; short people brevity; cunning
folks rascality; romantic simpletons
novelty; respectable people Christianity;
artistic people beauty; strong people
responsibility; criminals penalty; etc.
[The T pot cracked at this juncture.]

A TALENTED LADY'S VIEWS.—Mrs.
C. F. Fleming, State Lecturer of Mis-
souri, and also an artist of rare merit,
whose picture of Adelaide Neilson is
pronounced by the press to be the
most beautiful portrait in the United
States, in a recent letter said: "I have
been troubled with kidney disease since
my childhood, and it finally culmi-
nated in chronic catarrh of the bladder.
It would be impossible for me to de-
scribe how much I have suffered, and
I had abandoned all hope of ever be-
ing cured. I was, however, recom-
mended to try Warner's Safe Kidney
and Liver Cure, and it has done me
more good than the combined skill of
all the physicians I have ever tried dur-
ing my entire life." Such testimony
is beyond question, and proves the
value to all ladies of the remedy it ad-
vocates.

notice to the several Chairmen of
School Inspectors, and all designing to
apply for certificates to teach, that the
Public Examinations, as prescribed by
law, will be held as follows:

1st. The first Regular Examination
at the County Clerk's Office in the
Court House, at Grayling, on the last
Friday in October, (28th), 1881.

2nd. A Special Examination, to be
held on the 2nd day of November, at
10 o'clock A. M., in the School House
of District No. 1, in South Branch
township.

3d. A Regular Examination, to be
held at the Court House, in Grayling,
on the last Friday in March, 1882, at
10 o'clock A. M.

4th. A Special Examination, to be
held the latter part of April, 1872, the
precise time and place to be designa-
ted, and notified in time for all to avail
themselves of it who desire to do so.

Notice is hereby further given to all
the Chairmen of School Inspectors,
that a Special Meeting of the Board of
Examiners will be held at the Court
House, in Grayling, on the 18th day of
October, 1881, at 10 o'clock A. M., at
which the several Chairmen are
specially invited to be present, for mu-
tual consultation in regard to the in-
terests of the schools in the county.

WM. PUTNAM,
Secretary.

DROUGHT IN KENTUCKY.
The Corn Crop Destroyed and Farm-
ers Obligated to Sell Their Stock.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 28.—The city
is being flooded with stock, a number
of countrymen are bringing all they
can spare to sell; being unable to feed
them except at a great loss. Several
who were approached on the subject at
the stock yards said that even if they
disposed of their stock at a sacrifice,
and were compelled to replace the same
in the fall at full prices, it would be
cheaper than to feed what they had no
actual use for until the fall season. A
number said that they were compelled,
if they kept their usual number of
head on hand, to come to the city and
haul out corn to feed on. The above
facts were gleaned from persons living
in Jefferson, Shelby, Oldham, Owen,
Spencer, Scott and other counties
throughout the State.

As a general thing, there has been no
rain of any consequence for nearly two
months, and early corn is entirely de-
stroyed, while the late crops so badly
damaged that even with rain, the crop
will not be more than a half yield. In
many of the sections named, the crops
are not only injured by the heat and
drought, but the small water courses
have been dried up, and stock is suffer-
ing more for want of water than for
lack of food.

A person from Oldham county says:
"The water in the section I have just
visited is so scarce that whole families
have to use the same water for washing
purposes, and then this is all they have
to give their stock for drinking."

Correspondence.

FREDERICKVILLE, AUGUST 29, 1881.
Editor, Avalanche.—I was surprised
to find that according to O. J. Bell's
communication there were so many
farmers opposed to the organization of
a farmers' club in this county, and that
Mr. Bell thought it advisable to first
organize township clubs. Our county
is too sparsely settled as yet to talk of
township organizations; I will venture
to say that if we undertook that meth-
od, the effort would die in the bud.
The attendance would be slim enough,
even as a county club. But Mr. Bell
is certainly right when he speaks of
clubbing at home on our own farms.
Let our work be in the soil, and not on
paper, or in blowing off the surplus
gas in attempting to edify fellow-men-
bers at a club meeting. Not in eluc-
inating pet hobbies and theories, but in
giving practical workings and expe-
rience on the farms.

NATURE'S TRIUMPH.
Frazier's Root Bitters.

If you are weak or languid, use Frazier's
Bitters. If your flesh is flabby and your
complexion sallow, use Frazier's Bitters.
If you live in a malarial district, use Frazier's
Bitters. If worn down with the care of
children, use Frazier's Bitters. If you have
the blues, use Frazier's Bitters. If you have
kept late hours and lived contrary to the
laws of health, use Frazier's Bitters. If you
need toning up, take Frazier's Bitters. If
you have abused instead of used nature's
gifts, use Frazier's Bitters. If you feel old
before your time, use Frazier's Bitters. If
life has become a burden and you have
gloomy forebodings, use Frazier's Bitters.
If your hands tremble and your eyes have
grown dim, Frazier's Root Bitters will make
you feel young again. Sold by all druggists
everywhere at the low price \$1.00 per bottle.

SWIFT & DODDS,
Wholesale Druggists, Detroit, Mich.

THIS PAPER may be found on
file at Geo. F. Howland & Co.,
Newspaper Advertising Bureau (30 Spruce
Street), where advertisers can learn
the value of advertising in this paper.

Two interesting communications
from South Branch were just received,
too late for this issue, but will appear
next week.

M. E. Church services will be held
in the School House next Sabbath.
These will be the last services of this
conference year.

The lady in the northern part of
this village who received an intro-
duction to Mr. Garrett Meade, the other
evening, has got things slightly mixed
when she reports it was Mr. Mahony,
as the latter individual has not been in
town for some length of time. We
hope this explanation will set the lady
right, and that she will rest easier in
her befogged mind.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.
SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS are offered
you by the BURLINGTON ROUTE. It
will pay you to read their advertise-
ment to be found elsewhere in this issue.

WISCONSIN LANDS
500,000 Acres

ON THE LINE OF THE
WISCONSIN CENTRAL R. R.
For full particulars, which will be
sent FREE, address
CHARLES L. COLBY,
Land Commissioner,
Milwaukee, Wis.

TEXAS
Arkansas and Louisiana.
CHEAP HOMES FOR ALL!

50,000 Laborers can get Immediate
Employment, at Good Wages,
on Farms and Railroads
in Texas alone.

The South-Western Immigration Co.
will mail, on application, free of cost, postage
prepaid, books with maps, giving authentic
and reliable information, in detail, of the State or
Territory, of Arkansas, of Western Louisiana. We
have been successful in causing many to better their
condition and are meditating a change to a new
country. Address—
B. G. DUVAL, Secretary, Austin, Texas.
J. N. VICTOR, Eastern Manager,
248 Broadway, New York.
Foreign Office—WM. W. LANG, President,
Leadenhall Street, London, E. C., England.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Reed City, Mich.,
August 28, 1881.

Complaint having been entered at this office by
William H. Hanson against John Horn, for
abandoning his homestead entry No. 8202, dated June
27th, 1878, upon the W 1/2 of Sec. 24, N. 24 E. of
Range 4 West, in Crawford County, Mich., with a
view to the cancellation of said entry; the said
parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office
on the 23rd day of September, 1881, at 10 o'clock
A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning
said alleged abandonment.

EDWARD STEVENSON, Register,
W. H. C. MITCHELL, Receiver.

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LAND OFFICE AT REED CITY, MICH.,
August 28, 1881.

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EDWARD STEVENSON, Register,
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CHANCERY ORDER.
State of Michigan. Twenty-third Judicial Cir-
cuit. In Chancery. Suit pending in the Circuit
Court for the County of Crawford, in Chancery,
at Grayling, in said County, on the 17th day
of June, A. D. 1881.

J. Henry Moores, Complainant, vs. William
Hutchinson, Margaret E. Hutchinson, and
Horatio Merrill, Defendants.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file,
that said defendants are not residents of this
State, but that said William Hutchinson and Mar-
garet E. Hutchinson are residents of the State of
Ohio, and said Horatio Merrill of the State of
Illinois, or Louisiana. On motion of J. C. Cha-
pin, complainant's Solicitor, ordered that the
appearance of said non-residents, William Hutchin-
son, Margaret E. Hutchinson and Horatio Merrill,
be entered therein within three months from
the date of this order, and in case of their ap-
pearance in this cause, they answer to the bill of
complaint filed, and cause a copy of said bill
to be served on the complainant's Solicitor within ten-
days after serving on them of a copy of said
bill, and notice of this order, and in default there-
of said bill will be taken as confessed by said
non-resident defendants, and it is further ordered
that within twenty days the complainant cause a
notice of this order to be published in the Great
Central, an Avalanche, a newspaper printed,
published and circulated in said county, and that
said publication be continued therein once in each
week for six weeks in succession, or that because
a copy of this order to be personally served on
said non-resident defendants at least twenty
days before the time above designated for their ap-
pearance.

J. B. TUTTLE,
Circuit Judge.

E. C. CHAPIN,
Complainant's Solicitor.

State of Michigan, In
Crawford County.

I, Wm. R. Stecker, Clerk of said County and of
the Circuit Court thereof, a Court of Record, do
hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing
copy of Order of Publication, hereto at-
tached, in case of J. Henry Moores vs. William
Hutchinson, et al., with the original record now
remaining in the Office of the County Clerk of
said County, and have found the same to be a
correct transcript therefrom, and the whole of such
original record.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto
set my hand and affixed the seal of
said Court at Grayling, this 28th day
of August, A. D. 1881.

Wm. R. Stecker,
Cler

The Avalanche

SALLING, HANSON & CO., Publishers.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

PLAYING IN THE CORN.

Sitting by the window,
Looking far away,
Over fields and meadows
Sweet with new-mown hay,
And o'er the streamlet sparkling
In the sunny mead,
Saw I little figures
Playing in the corn!
Brown and flaxen tresses
Floating freely back;
Little late discarded
Near the wallow track,
Vibrating to the music
Of the corn's glad song,
Chubby, childish figures
Playing in the corn!
An enchanted forest
To them, I knew,
With its glades and fountains
Hid in shining green,
With its tiny people
On the leafy fern—
Bright-eyed, bonny figures
Playing in the corn.

MY SERENADER.

"My dear child," said a maiden lady of an uncertain age, "you need not blush so. I dare say the young gentleman who has just passed the window has no idea of your existence."
"But he passes every day, aunt,"
"Well, what of that?" returned the lady.
"But he looks in at the window," said the young lady.
"Ah, indeed!" said her aunt.
"And he wears a sprig of myrtle in his coat, aunt, and you know that means 'true.'"
"Really you amuse me, child! Anything more?"
"No, aunt," was the reply.
"Then, my dear child, you are a bit of a goose, and ought to know better," said her aunt. "I am afraid you are too fond of reading idle tales when you might be better employed. Well, well, I suppose we cannot put an old head on young shoulders, and yours are very young yet;" and she might have added pretty ones, covered as they were with locks of the softest and richest brown hair in the world.
Pretty girls are so common that I need not describe pretty Rose Arnold, as she and her aunt were sitting before the fire, that magic hour when the glare of day has passed, and twilight is just coming; when tenderness touches the hardest heart; when life seems more ideal, less dark and cold, and dull.
"Shall I tell you what happened to myself, Rose?"
"Yes, do, aunt."
"Well, I will. You will see that there was once a time when your old aunt was as silly as you are now."
Rose laid her beautiful face on her aunt's lap, and looked up, and her aunt began:
"Miss Silkestone kept a select establishment at Brighton for a limited number of young ladies, from whom the most unexceptionable references were required. She frequently advertised in the Times, and always had a vacancy for one or two. But you know as well as I that there never was a school for a limited number that had not a vacancy for a gentle and well-connected pupil. I was that, and more. Why, then, was I sent to Miss Silkestone's salubrious abode? Well, the truth is, Dr. Bolnis, our family physician, hinted that a little change of air and an occasional bath in the sea would not be amiss. 'The system requires bracing, ma'am,' said he to mamma. 'We are getting' added the dear, fat old man, as he contemplated my growing figure, 'a little pale and thin; our roses are not quite so red as they might be.' Girl as I was, I had read Lord Byron's 'Corsair,' and his lines in 'Childe Harold,' bidding the deep and dark-blue ocean roll on, and had by heart Barry Cornwall's songs; and I loved, as girls of 17 do love, passionately.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The ever fresh, the ever free!
And made no objection to the arrangement which for awhile transplanted me from the paternal roof. It was not reluctantly, then, that I journeyed to the scene of my future residence. I was not bad-looking, and I knew that I had a love of a bonnet which would set all the girls wild. I had not lived at Clapham for nothing, you may be sure.
"Arrived at school, I did as the rest. On Sunday we went to church. Now the church service is rather long; and, however pious and proper one may be disposed to be, one cannot be always looking at the minister or at one's prayer-book. In one of my occasional peeps at the congregation I found the eyes of a young man intently fixed on me. It was evident to me and all the rest of the girls that his ardent gaze was directed to no other than myself. The next Sunday the same phenomenon was witnessed; the next, it was the same. I was pleased, yet annoyed. Miss Silkestone gave me a private lecture in her own apartments. Mademoiselle, as we were taught to call our French governess, was delighted; the girls all laughed; and, to make assurance doubly sure, I had been informed that one of the maids had been asked by a gentleman the name of the

new girl, whom he declared to be a regular stunner.
"Now it was clear to me and all the rest of us that this inquiry could have come from no other than the gentleman whose optics had been so regularly, and, as it seemed, irresistibly, exercised on myself. Presently another symptom of his admiration was manifested. Every evening at a certain hour, under the walls of our garden, were heard the sweet sounds of an accordion; all said it was my church admiral that was renewing on weekdays the homage that he had offered me at church on Sundays. I thought what every one said must be true, and listened with peculiar pleasure to 'Annie Laurie,' and 'My Beautiful Star,' and Jeannette and Jeannot,' and 'I Dream that I Dwell in Marble Halls,' and other popular airs, all of which I had heard, it is true, played before, but never, so it seemed to me, with such pathos and power as under the present circumstances. What a delicate way of being courted! Of course I was not in love, but girl-like, I was glad to think that some one was in love with me.

"Just at this time I had to leave school for a few days; at the same time, by a strange coincidence, the serenading ceased, and my admirer was absent from his post in church. Surely, then, I was right in thinking that I was the object of all these delicate attentions. The more I thought about it, the more certain I felt. Suspicion was banished; doubt now gave place to certainty. The mystery was cleared up—the serenader was for me, and the serenader was he whom I had seen at church. I must say, when I had come to this conclusion, I became impatient of this serenading, and wished either to change it into something of a more satisfactory character, or for it to cease altogether. Mademoiselle and myself, without saying a word to the other girls, resolved to bring matters to a crisis. For this purpose we resolved to secure the first opportunity; nor was it long before one presented itself.

"One dark night, when the usual serenading was going on, and Miss Silkestone happened to be particularly engaged with the friends of a new pupil who had come to tea, we hastily put on an old shawl and bonnet apiece; slipped out of the house forthwith, quite unperceived; rushed down to the end of the garden, and somehow or other found our way to the top of the wall. The night, as I have said, was dark; we could see no one, and the unknown was vigorously going through his accustomed musical performance. I fancied I could see the graceful outline of my admirer as he swept his fingers over his beloved instrument, and told to the cold, dark night and the sad silent stars all the joys and hopes and purposes of his heart. I listened with an interest that thrilled my whole frame. There he was, languishing for me; dreaming that I was smiling on his love. There could scarcely be any doubt that I was the Annie Laurie for whom he would lay him down and die! I was his 'Beautiful Star,' my heart was so high, no less certainly. What was I to do? Did not such touching love deserve some graceful recognition? Was he to realize the mournful fate of which he sang? Was I, so young, to be a cruel murderer, and all through life to have my heart bowed down with a sense of the fearful shock of such a crime? Yet would it not be imprudent to address a gentleman to whom I had never been introduced? I was in a frightful state of agitation; I could feel my cheeks getting red, and my heart jumped right up to the top of my throat. What should I do?

"Why, speak to him, of course," said Mademoiselle, who was getting very cold, "or he will be laid up with influenza for a month."
"Oh, dear," said I, "I wish he would not come playing here."
"Oh, nonsense!" said she. "Speak to him; it will be capital fun."
"No, no," anything but that, exclaimed I, in an agony of fear.
"Well, if you won't speak," said she, "send him a token."
"A token? Ah, that was a capital idea! There could be no harm in that. I was just beneath me. I gathered a few leaves and let them fall."
"Hush!" said Mademoiselle.
"The accordion went on as usual. The leaves evidently had produced no effect.
"Try again," said she.
"Did so. We listened to the acknowledgment. The accordion went on vigorously as ever.
"Let us go," said I, not a little frightened.
"No, no," said she, "try again."
"Did so. The music stopped, the serenader changed his position, but in a moment recommenced his amorous strain. I grew quite frightened.
"Oh! do let us go," I whispered.
"No, no," said Mademoiselle, "try once more."

"Again fell the leaves, again we listened, again the accordion ceased. There was a pause, then a cough, then another cough, as if the serenader was impatient, and expected to be addressed. We strained our eyes, and just saw the dim outline of a figure.
"Come! none of that 'ore' was his exclamation.
"I could scarce believe my ears. My refined lover indulging in such vulgar and commonplace language! I scarce knew whether to laugh or cry. However, I did neither, but said, as calmly as my excited feelings would allow me: 'What did you say?'
"Why, none of that 'ere, to be sure! Pitching lots of dirt on to a poor fellow. What do you mean?'
"There was some terrible mistake. My friend came to my rescue. Summoning up her dignity and peering over the wall, she said, severely:

"Young man, who are you?"
"Ma, marm? Why, Joe, the butcher's boy, to be sure!"
"Oh, indeed!" said Mademoiselle. "And what do you want?"
"You see, 'he retired, 'I didn't get no play at home to practice in; so I come every night here, 'cuss the walls keep the wind off, and now it's time for me to be off."

"And away he went, off whistling, leaving me disenchanted of my love. I may only add that I endured an additional pang when, a short time afterward, I found that the eyes that always gazed at me at church squinted. Since then I have not been quite so hasty in jumping at conclusions.
"And now, Rose, dear, we had better get to work; ring for Ellen to bring in lights, and now draw the curtains."

Rose got up to do so. As she approached the window, the individual with the myrtle passed. Rose thought nothing of it, and it was well she did not, as later in life she knew him well as a married man and a friend of her husband and her own.
HISTORY OF A BOY.
Will S. Hays, of Louisville, Ky., has made a small fortune by writing songs. Among his popular compositions are "Mollie Darling," "Nora O'Neil," and "Evangeline." But he got no money from the latter, though it gave him a start in his business. "Just before the war," he says, "I was with some young visitors in Oldham county, Ky. Among them was a beautiful girl who resembled the ideal pictures of Longfellow's 'Evangeline' so closely that I called her by the name. We danced at an outdoor frolic one evening, and soon discovered that four of us could sing together. We tried popular quartettes, and got along so well that we became enthusiastic. About 2 o'clock in the morning we started to walk home. The night was as bright as day, with the full moon hanging in the sky, and as we walked we sang. We sat down in a nook to rest, and 'Evangeline' began to suggest other songs to sing. 'I'll write a song,' said I, 'if you'll promise to sing it before we go home.' This was agreed to. On the opposite side of the road was a white plank fence. Where we were sitting a party of negroes had been roasting ears of corn, and the charred sticks lay all around. With them I wrote the first verse of the song on the top plank of the fence, and the notes for four voices on the four planks beneath. Then we stood off and sang it. The girls were delighted, and insisted on having a chorus, so I wrote the chorus on the planks. Well, we sang it over and over, and went home singing it. Next morning 'Evangeline' came down stairs humming the air, and asked me to write it out and finish it. I told her I couldn't do it, but she might go down and copy it off the fence. She took an umbrella and sheet of paper, and soon came back with words and music. Then she insisted on having another verse, so I wrote another verse, on condition that I was to have a kiss for it, and she to have the music."

Hays sent the composition to various music publishers, but couldn't sell it, and it was at length made public by the voice of Campbell, the negro minstrel. Three hundred thousand copies have been sold, but the kiss was the only pay the author has received.
THE NEWSPAPER IN A FARM-HOUSE.
People who live near the great thoroughfares, where they have access to two or three dailies, and a half dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they would as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one must be far off in the country, remote from "the maddening crowd," to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one paper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a news item or advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by every member of the family, each one looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a love story. The son who is just about to engage in farming, with an enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports and has a keen eye for hints about improved modes of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that shall bring the paper with the liveliest interest, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied can carry into a family. They have, weedy week, spread before them mental vistas a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its vast concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper, can fail to join in invoking a blessing on the inventor of this means of intellectual enjoyment.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

NOT A FAMILY AFFAIR.
An Austin boy came home from school very much excited and told his father that he believed all human beings were descended from apes, which made the old man so mad that he replied angrily: "That may be the case with you, but it ain't with me; I can tell you that, now."—*Texas Siftings.*

GRAMMAR, ET CETERA.

English, and American English.
(By Prof. Richard A. Prosser.)
An American friend of mine, in response to the question by an Englishman (an exceedingly positive and dogmatic person, as it chanced), "Why do Englishmen never say 'I guess'?" replied (more wittily than justly), "Because they are so positive about everything." But it is noteworthy that whereas the American says frequently "I guess," meaning "I know," the Englishman as frequently lards his discourse with the expression "You know," which is perhaps more modest. Yet, on the other side, it may be noted that the "down East" American often uses the expression "I want to know" in the same sense as our English expression of tentative interest. "Indeed."
Among the other familiar Americanisms may be mentioned the following: An American who is interested in a narrative or statement will say "Is that so?" or simply "So?" The expression "Possible" is sometimes but not often heard. Dickens misunderstood this exclamation as equivalent to "It is possible, but does not concern me;" whereas in reality it is equivalent to the expression "Is it possible?" I have occasionally heard the expression "Do tell!" but it is less frequently heard now than of yore.

The word "right" is more frequently used than in England, and is used also in senses different from those understood in our English usage of the word. Thus, the American will say "right here," and "right there," where an Englishman would say "just here" or "just there," or simply "here" or "there." Americans say "right away" where we say "directly." On the other hand, I am inclined to think that the English expression "right well" for "very well" is not commonly used in America. Americans say, "yes, sir," and "no, sir," with a sense different from that with which the words are used in England; but they mark the difference of sense by a difference of intonation. Thus, if a question is asked to which the reply in England would be simply "yes" or "no" (or, according to the rank or station of the querist, "yes, sir," or "no, sir"), the American reply would be "yes, sir," or "no, sir," intoned as with us in England. But, if the reply is intended to be emphatic, then the intonation is such as to throw the emphasis on the word "sir." The reply is "yes, sir," or "no, sir." In passing, I may note that I have never heard an American waiter reply "yessir," as our English waiters do.

The American use of the word "quit" is peculiar. They do not limit the word, as we do, to the signification "take leave"—in fact, I have never heard an American use the word in that sense. They generally use it as an equivalent to "leave off" or "stop." (In passing, one may notice as rather strange the circumstance that the word "quit," which properly means "to go away from," and the word "stop," which means "to stay," should both have come to be used as signifying "to leave off.") Thus Americans say "quit fooling" for "leave off playing the fool," "quit singing," "quit laughing," and so forth.

To English ears an American use of the word "some" sounds strange, viz., as an adverb. An American will say, "I think some of buying a new house," or like, "for I have some idea of buying," etc. I have, indeed, heard the usage defended as perfectly correct, though assuredly there is not an instance in all the wide range of English literature which will justify it.
So, also, many Americans defend as good English the use of the word "good" in such phrases as the following: "I have written that note good," for "well;" "that will make you feel good," for "that will do you good," and in other ways all equally incorrect. Of course, there are instances in which adjectives are allowed by custom to be used as verbs, as, for instance, "right" for "rightly," etc., but there can be no reason for substituting the adjective "good" in place of the adverb "well," which is as short a word, and at least equally euphonious. The use of "real" for "really," as "real sorry," "real nice," is, of course, grammatically indefensible.

The use of the word "elegant" for "fine" strikes English ears as strange. For instance, if you say to an American, "This is a fine morning," he is likely to reply, "It is an elegant morning," or, perhaps oftener, by using simply the word "elegant." It is not a pleasing use of the word.
There are some Americanisms which seem more than defensible—in fact, grammatically more correct than our English usage. Thus, we seldom hear in America the redundant "got" in such expressions as "I have got," etc., etc. Where the word would not be redundant it is yet generally replaced by the more euphonious word "gotten," now scarcely ever heard in England. Yet again, we often hear in America such expressions as "I shall get me a new book," "I have gotten me a new dress," "I must buy me that," and the like. This use of "me" for "myself" is good old English, at any rate.

I have been struck by the circumstance that neither the conventional, but generally very absurd, American of our English novelists, nor the conventional Englishman of American novelists, is made to employ the more delicate but at least equally absurd, Americanisms or Anglicisms. We generally find the American "guessing" or "calculating" if not even more coarsely named, like Reade's Joshua Fullalove, while the Englishman of American novels is almost always very coarsely British, even if he is not represented as

using what Americans persist in regarding as the true "English lingo." Where an American is less coarsely drawn, as Trollope's "American Senator," he uses expressions which no American ever uses, and none of those Americanisms which, while more delicate, are in reality more characteristic, because they are common, all Americans using them. And in like manner, when an American writer introduces an Englishman of the more natural sort he never makes him speak as an Englishman would speak; before half a dozen sentences have been uttered he uses some expression which is purely American. This no Englishman ever uses and an American may be recognized at once by using such expressions as "I know it," or "That's so," for "It is true," by saying "Why, certainly," for "certainly," and so forth. There are a great number of these slight but characteristic peculiarities of American and English English.

A JAMAICA BREAKFAST.

Strange as it may seem at first sight, everybody in the West Indies eats very large meals. The climate is so hot you must take food freely to make up for losses, and the appetite has to be stimulated by a great variety of dishes, as well as by the copious use of those very delicious little red and yellow bird peppers. A few of those tempting fruits are placed in the salt cellar at every meal, and with the bright tropical flowers which invariably garnish the table in pretty specimen vases, they give a general air of pleasant aesthetic refinement to the whole arrangement. Breakfast is a really solid and substantial repast, usually put off until half-past 10 or 11; the pangs of pressing hunger being still before the early morning coffee by a cup of coffee in the bedroom.

With it comes sometimes a casava cake, one of the best Jamaica institutions, made by the negro villagers from the roughly-scraped meal of the arrowroot plant. This meal is rolled into a thin paste and then baked hard and dry into round cakes, about the thickness of a Scotch oatmeal bannock, but much more delicate in taste. These refreshments are managed to get over the time until 11 o'clock breakfast; and then the table in a hospitable platter's house positively groans under the weight of its viands. Most of them are fearfully and wonderfully made, I must allow, but their variety is certainly astonishing.

Tea, coffee, claret, and, above all, rum and water; fish, fresh and salt, and twice laid; meats, hot and cold, fresh and salt; pepper-pot, and eggs in abundance. As a rule, the meal consists of two or three courses, ending off with a couple of soft-boiled eggs, or broken on crumpets. "Bomby ducks," those queer little Indian dried fish from the Andes, sometimes accompany it on the epicure's table. They are baked quite hard in the oven, and then broken up to eat with the curry. To finish all, more marmalade, home made or imported, to the square meal is usually eaten in the West Indies than in any other part of the British dominions.—*Belgravia.*

DEEP-SEA WAVES.

According to careful investigations, the longest sea-waves observed appear to have been a little more than 200 yards in length, with a period of about twenty seconds. The highest regular sea-waves accurately observed appear to have had a height of not more than forty feet. The highest waves are generally very long; but, for that very reason, they are not the deepest. It is believed that the greatest slope of the external surface of a wave in the open sea never reaches 10 degrees, and seldom exceeds 15 degrees. It is possible that in a storm there may be short portions of a wave-surface exceptionally steep, as the result of superimposed waves, and these may be very dangerous to boats; but they do not occur at all in simple swells, nor do they determine the slope of the large underlying wave from which a ship receives its motion. Moreover, the vessel's own depth carries it below the surface wave, and the mean effective wave acting upon the ship is always less steep, especially in the case of short waves, than in the surface wave.

From these facts we see that the well-known waves that "run mountain-high" have their existence only in the imagination of the poet.

FRENCH MARRIAGE LAWS.

The case of a London girl who married a Frenchman residing temporarily in that city illustrates the danger which those American women who angle after French husbands. This wife was quickly deserted. She followed her spouse to Paris and was turned from his door. She sought redress in the courts, and learned that her marriage, though regular and legal in England, was void in France, because the consent of the husband's parents had not been obtained. By the Code Napoleon a youth is never wholly his own master. He cannot marry up to 25 without the consent of his father and mother, if living, or a family council if they are both dead. But even if parents bring no objection a Frenchman marrying abroad under 25, and without the regulations prescribed by the marriage annulled, and no French court can refuse it, because it is considered that until he is 25 he is a minor, and therefore not competent to make the contract.

Avoid, as much as possible, using cheap envelopes, made of thin paper, especially where more than one sheet of paper, or any other article than paper, is inclosed. Being often handled, and even in the mail bags subject to pressure, such envelopes not infrequently split open, often giving cause of complaint against officials who are entirely innocent of the matter.

The Noble Virginia Bourbons.

At the recent Virginia Bourbon State Convention, some of the orators referred to the Bourbon party as "the noble Virginia Democracy." Virginia has sometimes been referred to by Southern orators as the "Mother of Presidents;" henceforth she will be known as the scornful enemy of repudiation. And we need scarcely remark that she obtains this proud title through the noble leadership of the noble Democratic party. To be sure, this noble party has controlled the State finances of Virginia for fifty years, during which rather protracted period it has not paid any part of the principal of the State debt, and the vicious circle of the debt, interest, thereon. Of course, the noble Democratic party of Virginia has had no objection to the payment of the State debt during this protracted period, but it has been waiting, as it were, for the creditors of the State to say emphatically that they prefer 50 cents on the dollar to 100 cents on the dollar of their claims. This creditors have been slow in coming forward with propositions of this nature, and they have delayed so long that the "noble party" has become impatient; so to speak, and is now taking the aggressive.

Says the noble party: "The maintenance of the public credit of Virginia is the essential means to her prosperity. What a splendid sentiment! The crop of Presidents in Virginia has been sent of late years, and the noble party suggests, in effect, to the 'Mother of Presidents' that she make a superhuman effort in the direction of increasing the production of Presidents. The noble party proceeds: 'We condemn repudiation in every shape and form as a blot upon the honor of Virginia.' What could be grander than that? He who hesitates is a dastard and he who doubts is damned! We looked for this emphatic epigram in the platform of the noble party. It is not there in so many words, but it is implied.

There is nothing mean about the noble party. There is to be no element of compulsion in its debt-paying scheme. It will not force the creditors of the State to take the money due them whether they will or no. Far from it. Witness this tender and considerate language of the noble party: 'We make every effort to secure a settlement of the public debt, with the consent of her creditors, which is consistent with her honor and dictated by justice and sound public policy.' Observe, the noble party does not approach the creditors of the 'Mother of Presidents' in a menacing attitude, with a handful of gold eagles, and say in a loud and imperious tone: 'Here take your money, principal and interest.' The noble party is full of 'honnah, sah!' it is imbued with a keen sense of 'justice'; it is mindful of the high claims of 'public policy.' Hence the noble party refrains from indulging in the harsh word 'payment,' and substitutes the more genteel, more euphonious word, 'settlement.'

How does the noble party know that the creditors of Virginia want the full face of their legal demands? And, if not, why should the noble party insist upon full payment? It does not insist upon full payment. It scorn repudiation, but it is tenderly conscious of the rights of creditors, and it approaches them in the honorable spirit of compromise. Says the noble party: 'It is eminently desirable and proper that the several classes of the debt now existing should be unified, so that equality, which is equity, may control in the annual payment of the interest and the ultimate redemption of the principal.' There is a little slip here, for 'equality' is not necessarily 'equity.' For example, the creditor who loaned the State of Virginia money at 8 per cent. interest would not be bound in equity to accept 4 per cent. interest because another creditor had loaned the State money at the latter rate. Doubtless the ardent desire of the noble party for the 'unification' of the different classes of the debt led to the enunciation of this rather queer ethical proposition. Indeed, this appears from a later passage in the platform, which pledges the noble party to 'use all lawful and constitutional means in its power to secure a settlement on the basis of a 3-per-cent bond.'

It may be observed in passing that the 'Mother of Presidents' has not been in the habit of borrowing money at 3 per cent., and as a matter of fact the debt of the estimable old lady bears a much higher rate of interest. A proposition to settle a debt bearing 7 or 8 per cent. interest, when the market rate is only 3 per cent., may look like a sort of repudiation, but we know that the noble party does not so understand it, for it says, emphatically: 'We condemn repudiation in every shape and form as a blot upon the honor of Virginia, a blot at her permanent welfare, an obstacle to her progress, a stain on her fame and renown.' Who has the hardihood to assert that the noble party would slap the 'Mother of Presidents' in the face, so to speak? Who believes for a moment that the noble party would inflict a 'blot' upon the honor of the old lady, or strike a front 'blow' to her welfare, or interpose an 'obstacle' to her 'progress in wealth, influence and power? Palsied be the tongue that shall dare to give utterance to the impious slander!

The concluding plank of the platform of the noble party is, as Dick Swiveller would say, 'a staggerer.' Says the noble party: 'The Conservative honorable party places justly its part of the policy, not to increase the present rate of taxation. Economy is a splendid thing in a political party; it is just what might be expected of a noble political party like the one, whose high character we are celebrating. But, as a matter of fact, the present rate of taxation in Virginia does not provide \$1 for the payment of the old lady mother's debts, principal or interest. Exactly what good it will do for the noble party to 'secure a settlement of the public debt of Virginia with the consent of her creditors' is not apparent, and the noble party is the old lady's subjects that it will not draw \$1 from them to be devoted to the payment of the existing debt. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the noble Democratic party of Virginia condemns repudiation in the truest sense; that it is 'patriotic' in its policy; that it wants the consent of its creditors to such unification; that it wants a 'settlement of the debt,' if it don't want to pay it; and, finally, that it wants to secure a settlement on the basis of a 3-per-cent. bond, if it don't want to raise a cent by taxation to pay the rate of interest to be agreed upon.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that the platform of the noble party is not a joke. Its proposition to pay the debt of Virginia without raising any money to do it with is not a joke. Virginians never joke.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Kelly's motor is now known as "the tramp," because it won't work.

EQUESTRIAN COURTSHIP.

BY THOMAS HOOD.
It was a young maiden forth to ride,
And there was a wooer to pay her side;
This horse was so little, and hers so high,
No thought the angel was up in the sky.
His love was great, though his wit was small;
He rode his horse easy—and that was all.
The very horses began to neigh—
Because their betters had taught to say,
They rode by him, and they rode by me,
They rode by a churchyard, and then he spoke:
"My pretty maiden, if you'll agree
You shall always ramble through life with me."
The maiden answered him never a word,
But kicked the gray mare, and away she spurred.
The wooer still followed behind the lady,
And enjoyed—like a wooer—the dust she made.
They rode through moss, and they rode through
moss—
The path behind and the lass before—
As they came to a pretty place,
And there the wooer gave up the chase.
Quoth he, "If I say any better to ride,
I'll follow her over the world's wide
side, and I'll love her till I'm in a fall,
But I've got the last glimpse of the gray mare's tail!"

PLEASANTIES.

A PERFECTLY square man is round at the right time.
Bless think there is no place like comb when you comb.

After a man comes woman, and she has been after him ever since.

Exaggeration in Franklin's time was a wonder; now we make light of it.

The difference between a boy and a bee is that a boy's happiest days are his school days, and a bee's are its swarm days.

A little boy remarked: "I like grandpa because he is such a gentlemanly man; he always tells me to help myself to sugar."

We are told that a man's body is three-fourths composed of water, but it is hard to believe this while looking at a Cincinnati man.—*Boston Post.*

Old proverb: "The durky's hour is just before the dawn," remarked Sambo, when he started out before day-break to steal a young chicken for breakfast.

It is said that kerosene will remove stains from furniture. It has also been known to remove the furniture, stains and all, with the stove and a red-headed servant girl thrown in sometimes.

Whenever an enthusiastic fisherman speaks of "choice trout" as "speckled beauties," all the freckled-faced girls within hearing smother, blush and murmur: "O, the insincere man!"

Mrs. Strangers was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were all stained. "That's too bad! But won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldbody.

"I've often heard of the fruits of marriage," said Bubbles, when informed that he was the father of twins; "but I most seriously protest against having those fruits presented to me in the shape of pairs."

A chicken died; his chickens and his wings were fried. His feathers by a dead light he took, and were served as a hot dish.

How comes it, then, that you have just plumed a moral chicken—this a glorious bird of paradise.

"Ah," said a great rascal to a writer, "what a capital story you could make if I were to tell you my life." "Go ahead, I'm listening." "Yes, but you see that which is interesting I can't tell, and that which I can tell is not interesting."

At the restaurant: "Bah! what a steak. One-half the cooks ought to be sent where they came from." "Yes, but where do they come from?" "Have you never heard that God sends the food and the other gentleman the cooks?"

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school-teacher of a small, rather fop-like-looking boy. "I don't know, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we burrows it ready parched from the next-door neighbor."

Sweet flowers! that from your sunny nooks
Give welcome to the vernal sun!
Here joyous as each bright eye looks
Ah, that seem the life begun.
How eloquent your beams of day
When lovers near your haunts will chance,
And the your duty forms will praise,
And he up scolded cliffs will prance,
And get much verdure on his pants.

"What do you think of my kerosene?" asked the grocer, suavely. "Why," says the customer, "there's nothing like it in town. When I go into a house where they use it I can tell it in an instant." Grocer (delighted): "Such a beautiful white light?" Customer: "Not that exactly. It makes no difference whether the lamps are lighted or not. I recognize it by the smell. It heats all the smells I ever smell. I guess I shan't want any more of it, thank you." Customer retires, and grocer begins to sling language into the circumambient air, to the terror of the shop-boy and the edification of the barrel-head fraternity.—*Boston Transcript.*

BELLS ON SHEEP.

Mr. James S. Grinnell, writing in the Springfield Republican of bells on sheep as a protection against dogs, gives this illustrative experience:

"A good farmer in Louden, Mass., who keeps about a dozen excellent Southdown ewes, always belled, was grieved and surprised one morning to find that dogs had raided his flock, killed two, mangled others, and scattered the rest. On collecting his little flock into the yard after a day's search, he found that the tongue was lost from the bell. This was replaced, and never since have his sheep been worried. The experiment is so simple and cheap that it is worth trying."

A Brooklyn young man calls his sweetheart "Silence," because, when he wants to kiss her, "she gives constant."

